

MODERN

COMICS

SEPTEMBER
No. 77

10¢

BLACKHAWK
battles
The BEAST MEN!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP LIKE MAGIC
BECAUSE YOU

Make Money With Your Own

**JUKE BOX
BANK**

A Real Money-Maker
For You . . . Because

FRIENDS AND RELATIVES WILL HELP
YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!

You'll see those nickels and dimes rapidly
add up to mighty dollar bills with this new
Juke Box Bank that's a gay plastic repro-
duction of the famous Juke Box down at the
corner soda fountain. Bring it out at parties
or when company comes to call. The coins
and currency will really pour in, because
everyone wants to see it light up electrically
and flash its bit of advice: "It's Wise to Be
Thrifty" which we might add: it's easy
to be thrifty when you have an attention-
getting, fun-producing Juke Box Bank.

SEND NO MONEY: send only your name
and address. Then pay postman only \$1.98
plus postage. Or send cash and we pay
postage. If you are not delighted, return
within 10 days for speedy, cheerful refund.



\$1.98
Post Paid

Complete With
Battery & Bulb

Put Your Coins in
Slot and Press-In!

**JUKE BOX
BLAZES WITH LIGHT
AS IT FLASHES:**

It's Wise to Be Thrifty

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. JB-63

AMERICA'S GREATEST JUNIOR TYPEWRITER VALUE!



famous
**Simplex PORTABLE
TYPEWRITER**

Only **\$2.98**
Post Paid

A KEY FOR EACH LETTER

It's Fast! It's Easy! It's Efficient! It's Accurate!

PERFECT FOR SCHOOL WORK...

...IDEAL FOR SMALL BUSINESS!

Yes, it's back again . . . but only in limited quantities! We've managed to obtain a limited number of these fast, efficient typewriters that we can offer you at a price you can't beat! Now, for only \$2.98 you can enjoy the speed and accuracy of a Simplex Typewriter with new improved features:

- ★ Automatic Lining Operator
- ★ An Individual Key For Each Letter
- ★ All Spacing Bar
- ★ Shifts From CAPITAL to SMALL LETTER

Hey Kids! . . . like to make a big hit with teachers and get better grades in school? It's easy when you turn in neat, accurate typed papers. Don't delay a moment longer! Order your Simplex Portable Typewriter today and find out how much fun it is to do your homework the easy, time-saving way!

AMERICAN MERCHANDISING COMPANY, 9 Madison Avenue, Montgomery 4, Ala. Dept. ST-43



SEND NO MONEY
Simply copy and mail to day. Then pay postman only \$2.98 plus postage. Or send cash and we pay postage. If not delighted return unopened within 10 days for speedy refund.

Blackhawk



From every land have come the heroes who make up the brotherhood of **THE BLACKHAWKS** -- but in courage, loyalty and service to civilization -- they are as one!

Fearlessly they tackled the baffling mystery of what happened to a family of brilliant scientists...

Let Blackhawk himself tell what happened...

WELL, I'LL BEGIN AT THE BEGINNING, BECAUSE WE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT IT!



The March Brothers - four brilliant scientists - had long conducted secret experiments toward a new source of mechanical power, and...

ALL THE TESTS CHECK! WE'RE PAST FIGURING AND FIZZLING! WE CAN START REAL PRACTICAL WORK!

AMEN, LUKE! BUT WHERE ASIA, AFRICA OR HERE IN AMERICA?



SUPPOSE I CARRY ON AT OUR HOME WORKSHOP! A VERY CAN LOCATE IN THE GOBI DESERT, WINSTON IN THE SAHARA, AND YOU...

I STILL THINK MY NOTION ABOUT THE VOLCANO COUNTRY IN THE ANDES IS GOOD, LUKE!



JUST AS YOU SAY, GANT! HEAD FOR THE PLACE YOU EXPLORED, AND SET UP THE MACHINERY! ONE OF US FOUR WILL SUCCEED, AND THE WORLD WILL KNOW!

RIGHT, LUKE! ONE OF US WILL SUCCEED! I'M CONFIDENT OF THAT!



SO THEY WENT TO FOUR REMOTE REGIONS TO TEST THEIR FINDINGS! AS YET THEY WERE WAITING, THOSE BRILLIANT BROTHERS, FOR COMPLETE TRIUMPH - BEFORE GIVING THEIR KNOWLEDGE TO THE WORLD!

OUI, VRAIMENT! ZAT WAS WHEN OLAF AND I WERE ON PATROL - CRUISING OVER ZE DESERT OF GOBI, IN ASIA!



As Andre says, we were making patrols in far places - watching for violations of law and order...

ZUT ALORS, OLAF! MY RAY-FINDING RECEIVER - IT BRINGS A RADIOACTIVE MURDER FROM ZE VALLEY YONDER! WE MAKE ZE SCOUT, YES?



BY JUPITER, ANDRE! DAS STONE HOUSE BAH BLOW UP TO NODDING!

WE LAND - INVESTIGATION AND RADIO BLADOWING ISLAND!



At the island headquarters of the Blackhaws

MESSAGE FROM ANDRE AND OLAF, EH? WHAT IS IT, CHUCK?

MYSTERIOUS BLAST IN THE Gobi DESERT --- WRECKED MACHINERY, DEAD MAN --- NOTEBOOK WITH THE NAME AVERY MARTEK!



AVERY MARTEK! ONE OF THE MARTEK FAMILY OF SCIENTISTS --- LUKE, THE ELDEST, ONCE TOLD ME IN CONFIDENCE THEY WERE ON THE VERGE OF A GREAT DISCOVERY!

LOOKEE-LISTEN! CHUCK GETTEE NEW RADIO MESSAGE --- FROM STANISLAUS AND HENDRICKSON!



In the trackless Sahara...

CALLING BLACKHAWK ISLAND! DESE STRANGE RAYS HAF LED US TO A STUCCO BUILDING --- UND DERE IT BLOWS TO LIDDLE BITS! VE ARE GOING TO LAND UND SEE!



IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN INTRICATE MACHINE, HENDRICKSON! SMASHED TO BITS NOW --- LIKE THAT POOR FELLOW!

JA, HE ISS DEAD! BUT IN HIS POCKET I FIND A LETTER WITH DER NAME WINSTON MARTEK ON IT! GET BACK ON DER RADIO, TELL BLACKHAWK!



HERE, BLACKHAWK! ANOTHER OF THE MARTEK BROTHERS DEAD --- A BLAST IN THE SAHARA!

THEIR GREAT DISCOVERY SEEMS TO BE TOO GREAT! THEY DIE AS THEY PERFECT IT! LET ME AT THAT RADIO!



CALLING ALL BLACKHAWKS! HEAD BACK --- RENDEZVOUS WITH THE REST OF US AS WE TAKE OFF! WE'RE HOPPING THE OCEAN TO AMERICA!



1st...!

HOW ABOUT BRINGING UP BLACKHAWK? WHO ARE THE MARTEKS? WHAT IS HIS TRAGIC SCIENTIFIC STUDY THEY MAKE?

LUKE MARTEK SAYS THAT THEIR FATHER BEGAN IT AND PASSED IT ON TO THEM—A PLAN TO TAP THE INNER FIRES OF THE EARTH AND GIVE POWER PLANTS TO ALL THE EARTH!



THEY MUST HAVE FIGURED SOMETHING WRONG—TO BE KILLED JUST AS THEY PERFECT THE POWER! WE'LL HEAD FOR LUKE MARTEK'S WORKSHOP IN THE ARIZONA DESERT!

ROGARI!



Soon, in Arizona...

CALLING LUKE MARTEK! THIS IS BLACKHAWK! I'M COMING IN TO VISIT YOU!

I WONDER WHAT HE WANTS? FIRST I'LL GET THE POWER GOING—THEN GO OUT AND WELCOME HIM AS THE MACHINERY WARMS UP!



BLACKHAWK! THIS IS AN HONOR! A HAPPY MOMENT FOR ME!

NOT REALLY HAPPY, I FEAR! I HAVE TRAGIC NEWS—YOUR BROTHERS AVERY AND WINSTON HAVE BEEN KILLED IN EXPLOSIONS!



I CAME TO WARN YOU AND YOUR BROTHER GANT—UNLESS HE'S DEAD ALREADY!

NO! GANT WAS HEADED FOR THE FIRE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY IN SOUTH AMERICA—HE WON'T HAVE STARTED WORKING YET! BUT YOU SAY EXPLOSIONS?



YES! THEIR BUILDINGS BLEW TO BITS! SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE WRONG!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! ALL THE MACHINERY WAS CHECKED! IF IT BLEW UP, THAT MEANS SABOTAGE!



I KNOW WHO—TO THINK I TRUSTED HIM! QUICK—I MUST TURN OFF THE POWER BEFORE—

COME BACK, LUKE! YOU MAY BE KILLED IF YOU GO IN THERE!







Grimly the beast-men attack, but their adversaries are the mightiest team of hand-to-hand fighters in history...





GO ON AND SHOOT! BUT
BE CAREFUL HOW YOU
AIM!

ZE BEAST-MEN HAVE GUNS,
YBS? I SHOW ZIS ONE ZE
GRAND ROUGH-
HOUSE!

BANG!



BUT NO! ZIS
MONSIEUR--HE
MUST BE GANT
MARTEK!

THAT'S ME! WHY? WHAT
ARE YOU RUSHING IN
HERE FOR?
HELP!



DONNERWETTER!
DESE BEAST-MEN
VANT MORE
FIGHT!

CONTROL ZE TEMPER,
MONSIEUR MARTEK! WE
ARE ZE BLACKHAWKS--
FRIENDS OF YOUR
BROTHER LUKE--COME
TO SAVE YOU FROM ZE
FARE OF YOUR
FAMILY!



ANDRE SPEAKS THE TRUTH, SIR! THE
THREE WORKSHOPS OF YOUR
BROTHERS--ON OTHER
CONTINENTS--BLEW UP!
THEY'RE DEAD AND
THEIR MACHINES
DESTROYED!

IMPOSSIBLE!
THE MACHINES
WERE PERFECT!



I SWEAR I'M NOT
RECEIVING YOU! BEFORE
HE DIED, YOUR BROTHER
LUKE SPOKE OF
SABOTAGE!

MY MACHINERY
IS ONLY HALF
UNPACKED!
LET'S LOOK AT
IT!



YOU'RE RIGHT, BLACKHAWK!
LOOK--THESE WIRES LEAD TO
DYNAMITE STICKS! SOMEBODY
WAS DETERMINED TO DESTROY
US AND OUR DISCOVERY!

HAAM--INTERESTING--
AND LUKE SEEMED TO
KNOW WHO THE ENEMY
WAS! DIED WITHOUT
SAYING, BUT--



WELL, MY APOLOGIES GENTLEMEN! AND MY THANKS FOR COMING TO MY RESCUE! THE MARTEN TRAGEDY WOULD HAVE BEEN COMPLETE BUT FOR YOU!

ODD-- A CLUMSY BOOBY TRAP, NOT EVEN WELL HIDDEN! BUT IT WOULD HAVE SMASHED YOUR MACHINERY AND MANY MORE THINGS!



YOU MUSTN'T HOLD GRUDGES AGAINST MY POOR HELPERS! THEY THOUGHT YOU WERE ENEMIES COMING TO ATTACK ME!

I'VE HEARD TALK OF THIS PRIMITIVE RACE! THEY SEEM TO LIKE YOU!



AH, YES! MY FIRE-MAKING MACHINERY SEEMED A MIRACLE! THEY SERVE ME AS THOUGH I WERE A GOD! MY WISH IS THEIR LAW!

THEN THEY WILL RESPECT US AS YOUR GUESTS!

SUPPOSE WE DISCUSS YOUR PLAN FOR THE COMPLETION OF THE MACHINERY HERE!



That evening--

MY FATHER, MY BROTHERS AND I WORKED A GENERATION TO PERFECT THE PRINCIPLE OF USING THE EARTH'S INTERNAL FIRES! NO MORE WILL THEY BE HASTED AS BY THAT VOLCANO!

IN THIS WILD PLACE, SUCH A POWER PLANT WOULD MEAN A NEW CIVILIZATION AND MUCH MORE!



YES, YES! PERHAPS A MIGHTY NATION TO RULE ALL OTHERS!

AND YOU'VE ALREADY STARTED TO RULE! YOU MIGHT COME INTO POWER AND RICHES NO MAN EVER DREAMED OF-- NOW THAT YOUR BROTHERS ARE DEAD!



YOU SADDEN ME BY THAT THOUGHT! ALAS, I AM THE ONLY MARTEK LEFT! THE SECRET OF THE POWER MACHINERY IS MINE ALONE!

THANK YOU FOR A REFRESHING DINNER! I SUPPOSE WE'LL STAY IN THE TEMPLE TONIGHT!







HAWKAAAA!

FIGHT!
FIGHT!





DOGTAG

ANNUAL TWENTY-MILE
RACE to Coleville
STARTING LINE

KEEP YOUR EYE ON
NUMBER THREE! I THINK
HE KNOWS A SHORT-CUT!



MUGOSH! A HUNDRED BUCKS FOR
RUNNING TWENTY MILES? I NEVER
WOULD MAKE IT, BUT A
HUNDRED
BUCKS—

SPORTING
GOODS

Annual
TWENTY-MILE
RACE
to COLEVILLE
FIRST
PRIZE
\$100
Fall Out
entire
line—

BRIGHT
IDEA!

JUST SIGN HERE
AND BE AT THE
STARTING LINE
TOMORROW
AT TEN!











WELL, THERE'S THE ROAD AND HERE COME THE OTHERS! BUT HOW AM I GONNA GET DOWN THERE?



TORCHY



AND NOW THAT WE ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE LAUNCHING OF THE FIRST ROCKET TO THE MOON, LET ME REMIND YOU OF THE ENGINEERING GENIUS WHO DESIGNED THIS MAGNIFICENT CRAFT!

HE SURE DID A TERRIFIC JOB!



SOMETHING MUST BE HAPPENING!

JOE'S
RADIO
REPAIRS



YES - THE REPORT HAS JUST BEEN CONFIRMED! A MAN FROM SATURN HAS LANDED IN A ROCKET SHIP ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! HE'LL KILL US ALL!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! A MAN FROM SATURN'S HERE!

HELP!

GOLLY! MAYBE I'D BETTER GET HOME, TOO!



AN EARTH WOMAN!

GRAWK!

IT'S HIM! IT'S THE MAN FROM SATURN! HE'S KIDNAPPING THAT POOR GIRL!

HELP!



AND A FINE SPECIMEN, TOO! YOU WILL RETURN WITH ME TO SATURN AS LIVING PROOF THAT I REACHED THE EARTH IN MY BOOTE!

NO! HELP!

HA! HA! NOT ONE OF THE EARTH MEN DARED COME TO YOUR AID! THEY KNEW THEY COULD NOT COPE WITH A MAN FROM SATURN!

LET ME GO! I WANT TO GO HOME!









YOU'VE THE GAL WHO WAS KIDNAPPED BY THE MAN FROM SATURN? WE SAW IT HAPPEN! BUT YOU ESCAPED! TELL US ABOUT YOUR EXPERIENCES!

LOOKS LIKE SHE HAD MORE EXPERIENCE THAN WE COUNTED ON!

WHERE IS SHE? WE LOST HER BECAUSE OF THE POOL WOMEN?

A MOB FROM SATURN! IF THAT GAL COULD HANDLE THEM, WE CAN, TOO!

THEY'RE PHONES! THESE GUYS AREN'T FROM SATURN!

LAY OFF! WE CONFESS! WE'RE FROM HOLLYWOOD! WE ACTED SO CONVINCINGLY THAT OUR GIRL FRIENDS AMONG THE EXTRAS THOUGHT WE MEANT IT!



IT WAS ALL A PUBLICITY STUNT! WE WANTED A GIRL TO SPREAD A STORY AROUND ABOUT LIFE ON SATURN, SO THAT PEOPLE WOULD GO SEE OUR NEW PICTURE, THE MAN FROM SATURN! WE DROPPED A FEW HINTS ON THE RADIO AND...

AFTER WE FINISHED SHOOTING THE SATURN SCENE WE WERE GOING TO HAVE HER TELL HER EXPERIENCES TO THE NEWS-PAPERS!

IT WOULD HAVE WORKED, TOO, IF THOSE BLASTED EXTRA GIRLS HADN'T GOTTEN JEALOUS OF THIS SUPER LOVELY AND CHANGED THE SCRIPT! OUCH!

SAVE THE COMPLIMENTS, MONSTER! HERE'S SOME EXTRA PUBLICITY, LIKE THE SURPRISE YOU PULLED ON ME!

As Torchy wends her way home one day--

PLEASE! WON'T SOMEBODY COME IN TO SEE OUR PICTURE?

WE SHOULD LOOK AT A MAN FROM SATURN WHEN WE CAN BE LOOKING AT HER?

STARTS TODAY THE MAN FROM SATURN



Will BRAGG



OF C-COURSE
I'M NOT SCARSD,
EFFY! I-I-I JUST
DON'T BELIEVE IN
SHOOTING POOR
D-DEFENSELESS
ANIMALS!

WILL BRAGG is
the biggest blowhard
in town - HE HAS TO
BE - to blow his foot
out of his mouth!
But when he tries to
trade tall tales with
a troupe of tigers,
there's TROUBLE!



WELL, BOYS,
HOW DID THE
OLD TOWN
WAXAGE
WHILE I WAS
GONE? ANY-
THING GO
WRONG?

WE
SURVIVED!

BRAGG
GOES AWAY
FOR A
WEEK AND
YOU'D THINK
HE'D BEEN
TO THE
MOON!

WELL, DARLING! I'M
SO GLAD
YOU'RE BACK IN
TIME! I'VE ONLY
ONE TICKET
LEFT FOR THE
LADIES' AID
SHOW TONIGHT!

EFFY, CALM
DOWN! YOU
KNOW I NEVER
GO TO THOSE
SISSY
LECTURES!

BESIDES,
I SPENT
MY LAST
THREE
BUCKS
ON BUS
FARES!













AY! IT A TALE!

BEST ANIMAL ACT I EVER SAW!



Not much later...

THANK GOODNESS FOR THIS ROPE! FOR A MOMENT MY LIFE WAS HANGING BY A THREAD!

WELL! THE AUDIENCE WANTS YOU TO TAKE SOME BOWS!



HEY! THE TIGERS... LOOK OUT!

THEY'RE OFF THE STAGE, WILL! I MANAGED TO LEAD THEM AWAY TO THEIR REGULAR CAGES!



BUT HOW DID YOU DO IT, EFFY? THEY WERE READY TO TEAR ME LIMB FROM LIMB WHEN I GRABBED THIS ROPE!

UH--THAT PONGO EXTRACT ON MISS GISSSEL SEEMED TO MAKE THEM CALM! I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!



WHY, DON'T BE SILLY, STAGG! THAT WAS A BOTTLE OF TEMPTING "GRESS" PERFUME-- FIFTY DOLLARS AN OUNCE! TROUBLE IS, IT WEARS OFF VERY QUICKLY!

THE AUDIENCE IS CLAPPING ITS HANDS OFF, WILL! YOU MUST TAKE A BOW!



WELL, IF THE PUBLIC DEMANDS IT, I SHOULD SHOW THEM AN OUNCE OF CONSIDERATION!



I WONDER IF THE OUNCE IN THIS CASE WAS WORTH A POUND OF CURE?

SKIPPER



EZRA

WHAT'S THIS?
IS EZRA THE
LADIES'-MAN
OF THE YEAR?



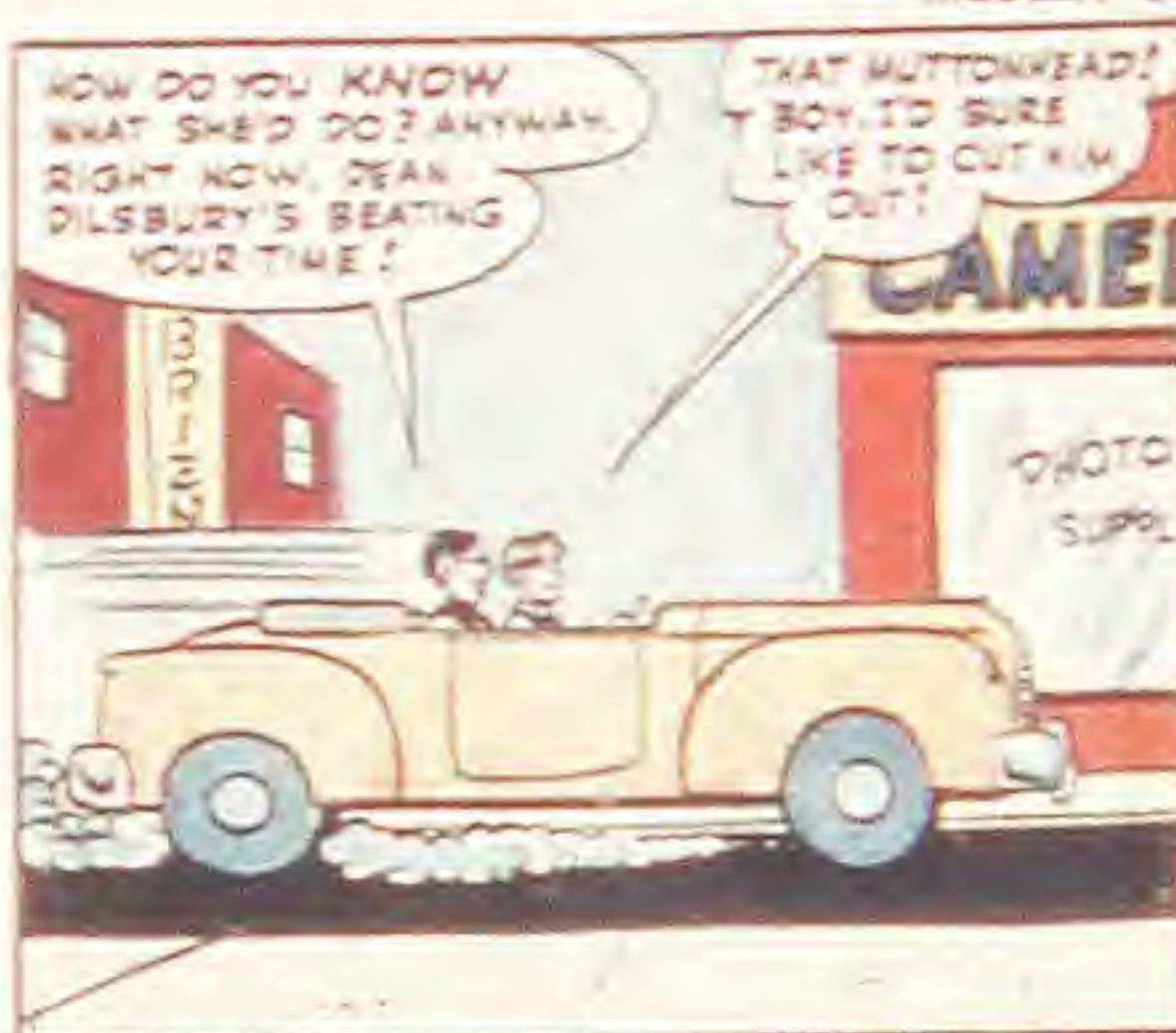
OW! NUMFREE
HOGARTH IS SOME
OPERATOR, HUH?
EZRA?

YEAH, ROLLO! HE TREATS THE
GIRLS TIGHT AND THEY LOVE
IT! I JUST DON'T
UNDERSTAND!

DON'T UNDERSTAND?
LISTEN, CHUM! THAT'S
EXACTLY WHY THEY
GO FOR HIM!

JUST THE SAME, I
CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WHY, IF I TRIED
THAT WITH MYRNA,
SHE'D—















The CENTURY Powder

THE seven men plodded through the dripping jungle. They spoke no words. They had stopped speaking many days ago. Now all their strength went into the effort of walking, and fighting the giant vines and lianas.

The heat was intense, sapping their manhood. Mosquitoes buzzed in a cloud about them, and their faces were swollen and puffed beyond recognition, even though each wore head nets.

This was the Brazilian jungle, and the seven men had plodded through it for five weeks now without seeing another living man. Of animals there were many, and twice their lives had been threatened by huge jaguars, called *tigres* by the natives.

Now, only the dripping, steamy silence of the great jungle surrounded them. Towering forest giants, laced with orchids and other creepers, made their trail one of perpetual twilight.

Blackhawk, the tall leader of the group, strode slightly in the lead. Then he halted suddenly, and for the first time in three days broke the conversational silence.

"Men," he said, "I think we're getting close. I don't know why, only I feel different."

Chuck, the only other American in the party, said, "I'll never feel any different. I'm perfectly numb."

Blackhawk had taken up the trail again and didn't reply. He knew, by some strange intuition, that the end of the trail was near.

The end of the trail! What did it imply? What didn't it imply? If the weird tales brought from this jungle were only half true, then mankind would be benefited a thousand fold by the secret locked in the forest. The secret of perpetual youth!

Blackhawk smiled a little to himself. Old Ponce de Leon had searched for the fountain of youth in ancient Florida. Scientists down through Time had been searching—in vain.

There was one thing certain, a tribe of Brazilian aborigines lived to be well over a century old. Some were even reputed to be two hundred years of age.

Such a discovery would mean a great boon to the world.

Blackhawk plodded on, every mile becoming more unbearable. The heat was more intense as they dropped lower into the great valley that sheltered the tribe they sought.

Scandalous the big Balkan, stumbled and would have fallen but for the timely grab made by Olaf, the Scandinavian member of the group.

"What is, Stan?" said Olaf. "I grasp you just in time, else in de poison mud you go."

"Thanks, Olaf," said the Balkan. "Sometimes I think I'd just as well sink into the mud and forget it all."

A Dutch guttural followed this exchange. "It is not good to slip in der mud. Stan—even forever."

It was Hendrickson who had spoken. He was big and bulky, the only one in the group whom the mosquitoes didn't bother. The others said he was poison to them.

A muted yell from Blackhawk brought all of them hurrying to his side. The tall leader was pointing down into the valley, where a village lay beside a gleaming river.

"Our destination, men," he said. "We'll take a short rest here and go on. We may have some trouble down there."

They stretched out, and almost instantly all of them were sleeping soundly. They were tired out.

Blackhawk awoke first. He sat up. It was evening. Already cook fires burned in the village below them. It was time to go.

Chop Chop, the little Chinese of the group, had been making tea while the others slept. Now he stoked it out, keeping up a running fire chatter the while.

"Ha," said he, "me livem thier bunned year. Go back China someday, sellum live-long tonic for much yen!"

Andre chuckled. In his droll French accent he said, "Forget it, Chop. You weel furnish some headhunter a fine meal long before you are feefty, no?"

They took off down the valley in the false dawn. A mile from the walled village they halted, waiting for the sun to come up. As Blackhawk said, "It is better that we go boldly to their village."

The seven men had hardly appeared in the sunny clearing when a burst of drums broke out behind the village walls. Then the gates swung open. Out poured a horde of short, squat men with long, matted hair and beards. If they were old, as they looked, their actions belied their age. They raced across the clear-

ing like youngsters, brandishing long spears and swinging stout clubs. Those in the van carried enormous bows and six-foot arrows.

"Probably poisoned," observed Blackhawk. "Better break out the setting sun."

These were the invention of Blackhawk, for such an occasion. As the seven men quickly donned the steel wire mesh armor, the savages crept up to within arrow range. Now they cut loose with a volley. But the seven men stood their ground.

The arrows all found their marks. But they merely stuck in the mesh. Several volleys were fired as the white men advanced steadily toward the oncoming party. But as nothing apparently happened, the natives became alarmed. After a moment they turned and fled back to their village, slamming the gate.

Blackhawk said, "I don't know whether we've done the right thing or not. They're frightened of us now."

"We'd have been dead pigeons without these suits of tin underwear," said Chuck facetiously. "They sure stopped those darts, eh?"

"We must be careful now," said Blackhawk, "or we'll spoil everything. The tin suits have them in a dither. Now we must display friendship."

They stalked boldly to the gates and demanded admittance. Slowly the heavy gates swung inward. A few frightened faces appeared in the entrance way.

Blackhawk stepped forward, lifting his right hand and smiling. He said something in a Brazilian native dialect. One of the savages grinned, and the gates opened quickly.

The chief was a short, heavy man, covered with thick hair and white beard. He held up his right hand with his palm against that of Blackhawk. Each of six other men imitated the chief. Soon all were seating themselves to a feast of what Andre swore later was stewed dog.

Stanislaws was the first one to sense trouble. He complained of a pain in his stomach. Soon after that he fell over, and his body began twitching.

"Quick!" he gasped. "They've poisoned us. An emetic—hurry!"

Chuck leaped to administer first aid, but was gripped by the terrible pains before he reached Stan. Then Olaf and Andre were rolling on the ground. After that it was something none of them could ever remember. They all fell into black sleep and evil dreams.

When he came to, Blackhawk found himself tied securely across a stone sacrificial block. An old priest stood over him with a knife lifted above his heart. Blackhawk spoke in

the native dialect. The priest beckoned to a native who seemed to understand.

Blackhawk said, "Why am I to be sacrificed?"

The native interpreted. The priest spoke. Then the native said, "Ako the Ancient will make you live forever. He will make all your friends live forever. Ako is very old."

The old priest still held the knife high.

Blackhawk said, "How is Ako going to do this?"

"He will make small hole in chest, put in sacred powder," replied the interpreter. "Ako now ready."

Blackhawk squirmed enough to see around the stone block. He noticed the faces of most of his friends, plus countless savages. He thought, "Well, if these fellows inject themselves with this powder, it can't harm me."

"Let Ako proceed," he said.

Ako lowered the knife gently, made a short incision just above the heart, and sprinkled into the wound a bit of whitish powder. Blackhawk's chest immediately felt cold, contracted. But there was no other pain or discomfort. What was this powder?

His bonds were cut and he sat up on the block. He felt a little faint, but he got to his feet. The savages yelled and howled. Blackhawk apparently was now one of them. They saluted before him. He grinned. Then he noticed that every native's chest was bleeding from a small incision above the heart. Stranger still, he saw that his friends all wore several days' beards!

"What is this?" he asked. "What's happened?"

The interpreter was there. He said, "You have lived many years, white man. Much time has passed. You are now an ancient!"

Blackhawk looked at his friends. "What goes?" he demanded.

Chuck said, "Ah, these yahoos gave you a shot of some drug and you passed out for a couple of days. They all took a shot. We just hung around trying to wake you. How do you feel?"

"Okay. So that's their idea of becoming immortal," said Blackhawk. "They blank out with a drug for a day or two and think years have passed. This is good, fellows. So this is what we take back to civilization! Of course, there's something else we'll carry back home."

"What's that?" asked Chuck.

"The knowledge that there's a sense of humor, even in the lowest savages. I think that's good," Blackhawk smiled. "And I found out something else, fellows," he said drily. "These chaps' year is only six months long—no wonder they live a century or two so easily!"

Choo Choo

HELP! DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
A THING, CHOO
CHOO! THE BOYS
ARE ALL SET TO
CATCH YOU WHEN I
LET YOU GO, AND
THEY NEVER MISS
A THING!

E-ESPECIALLY
WHEN TH--THE
THING IS A
REDHEAD!



YOU MIGHT AS WELL FACE FACTS,
CHOO CHOO! EITHER YOU CONTINUE
TRYING TO MAKE THE THEATRE
YOUR CAREER AND WE STARVE,
OR---

OR I TRY SOME
OTHER LINE AND
WE EAT, FOR
A CHANGE!

NOW, LET'S SEE! I
CAN BE A SALESGIRL,
OR A DRESS
DESIGNER, OR
AN INTERIOR
DECORATOR,
OR A TEACHER--

AND IF THAT DOESN'T
WORK, YOU CAN
ALWAYS BE YOUR-
SELF! C'NOW, LET'S
HIT THE PAYMENT,
KID!



CRASH!



WHERE'LL WE GO FIRST, CHERRY?

WE'LL TRY THE AGENCIES FIRST, AND THEN MAYBE PUT AN AD IN THE PAPERS!

H-KIDS! YOU'RE HEADING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION! HAVEN'T YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS ABOUT THE HUBERT THEATRE?



H-HUBERT THEATRE? H-NO! WHAT?



THEY'VE PUT OUT A CALL FOR SHOW-GIRLS! YOU'RE A CHICK FOR A JOB, CHOO CHOO!

GEE, THAT'S GREAT—OUCH! ER—I MEAN, NO, THANKS!

WELL, I'LL BE SQUEEZED IN A CHORUS! CHOO CHOO LA MOE TURNING DOWN A SHOW-GIRL CALL! I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!



EXCUSE THE FOOT-WORK, CHOO CHOO! YOU WERE ABOUT TO ACCEPT HER INVITATION!

THIS IS A FINE TIME TO START A NEW RESOLUTION, WITH JOBS FLOATING ALL AROUND THE PLACE!



H, DREAMBOATS! JUST THE GALS I WAS LOOKING FOR!

WRONG NUMBER, JERRY! IF YOU'RE PEDDLING THEATRICAL JOBS, WE'RE NOT INTERESTED!



NOT INTERESTED? I'M PRESS-AGENTING HALF A DOZEN NEW SHOWS, AND I'VE GOT SEVERAL SURE THINGS THAT CHOO COULD FIT INTO!

STILL NOT INTERESTED, OL' BOY! CHOO AND THE THEATRE HAVE JUST PINKHT!


G-GOSH! HAVE WE?












"POPSICLE PETE"
 says BOYS-GIRLS, see
WILLIAM BENDIX
STARRING IN THE ROY DEL RUTH PRODUCTION
The BABE RUTH STORY
AN ALLIED ARTISTS RELEASE
**IT'S A SUPER MOVIE ABOUT
 A GREAT SPORTS HERO**



SAVE THESE
 BAGS for
 SWELL
 GIFTS!

ENJOY

Popsicle Fudgsicle CREAMSICLE

and **SAVE BAGS**  for **SWELL GIFTS**

AND MANY
ICE CREAM
ON-A-STICK
PRODUCTS

"POPSICLE PETE"
SAYS



ALWAYS GET THE OFFICIAL
GENUINE BAGS —
 THEY ALWAYS SAY —
 "Save These Bags for Gifts" and also read
 "Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp."

HERE ARE
ONLY
A
FEW



Get your free list of all these wonderful gifts at your ice cream store.
 Or write direct to Popsicle Pete at his address nearest to you:

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|
| NEW YORK, N. Y. 601 W. 24th St. | CHICAGO 10, ILL. 400 W. Ohio St. | LOS ANGELES 22, CAL. 2744 E. 43rd St. | ATLANTA, GA. 325 E. Green St. |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|--|----------------------------------|



The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to Our Magazine Readers



New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods have turned out GORGEOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're being mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

WITH YOUR NAME EN-
GRAVED ON ALL THREE
WRITING INSTRUMENTS
IN GOLD LETTERS . . .

\$1.69

Factory To You



ILLUSTRATIONS ARE
APPROX. ACTUAL SIZE

1 FOUNTAIN PEN

Lustrous gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as bold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak (we guarantee clean ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . never dries like pens to top without pumping . . . lever pocket clip safeguards against loss.

2 BALL POINT PEN

Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Balls use 1946 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in places. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL

Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, expels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

10-DAY HOME TRIAL

FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE

DOUBLE MONEY BACK OFFER

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON

Matched perfectly in polished, gleaming colorful lifetime plastic. Important, we will pay you double your money back if you can equal this offer anywhere in the world! More important, you use 10 days then return for full cash refund if you aren't satisfied for any reason. Most important, all three fountain pen, ball pen, and pencil are each individually guaranteed in writing for one year (they should last your lifetime). Full size. Beautiful. Write instantly without clogging. The greatest most amazing value ever offered. Your name in gold letters on all three if you act now. Mail the coupon to see for yourself.

RIGHT RESERVED TO WITHDRAW OFFER AT ANYTIME

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

M.P.K. Company, Dept. 53-L
179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois.

Send "Factory Direct" price \$1.69 for PERFECTLY MATCHED FOUNTAIN PEN, BALL PEN and MECHANICAL PENCIL with my name engraved in gold letters. Enclose your business card. I'll pay \$1.69 plus tax when package is shipped. I will return it after 10 day trial for cash refund. (70¢ in return and no tax payment)

ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

(Print clearly . . . Avoid mistakes)

Send to (NAME):

ADDRESS:

CITY:

STATE:

You, only the latest manufacturing equipment and inventions could possibly cut production costs to bring a perfectly matched factory-to-you value like this. The matched barrels are practically unbreakable. Unheard of beauty, unheard of service, unheard of price and your name in gold letters on all three writing instruments as our special introductory gift if you mail coupon now! Send no money! On arrival deposit only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. postage on the positive guarantee you see return for any reason in 10 days and your \$1.69 refunded. Could any offer be more fair? Then mail coupon today and see for yourself a new day is here in writing instrument value!

M.P.K. COMPANY, Dept. 53-L

179 North Michigan, Chicago 1, Illinois

And to think they used to call me

SKINNY!

Give Me 15 Minutes A Day
And I'll Give You A New Body

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepless? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title,
"The World's Most
Perfectly Developed
Man."

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 330J
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____